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THE HIVE.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,——TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1804.

ESSAYS.

PANEGYRIC ON THE MARRIAGE STATE.

"O time roll on thy sluggish wheels, and haste the day
When joys like these shall decorate my way:
O soon convince the fair, in bloom of life,
The happiest female, is the happiest wife:
And ev'ry youth, that virtuous love alone
Can form another's happiness, or fix his own."

WHAT object, in all nature, can be so beautiful, as that of two young persons, of amiable lives and tempers, uniting before the alter in vows of mutual constancy and love--and afterwards proceeding through all the vicissitudes and accidents of life assuaging every evil, and increasing every good, by the most unaffected tenderness? That ever it happens otherwise—that this cheerful union ever becomes a source of bitterness and woe—and what was formed to sooth, is made to aggravate every calamity of human life, must surely be regretted by the humane, who cannot but wish that the causes which impel such direful effects, were removed.—But the design of this essay, is not to dwell on the frailties or imperfection of our natures, or the disappointments which these may produce, but on the enjoyments of life—as they delight to strew the path of the happily married.

And first, on the splendid roll, must be the possession of descendants, to perpetuate our names—to enjoy our fortunes—to participate in the rewards of our virtue and industry—to derive to us, as the last glimmerings of life depart, a new existence, perhaps more valued than the old—in their accomplishments, which, doubtless, to cultivate, must give exquisite delight to parents of amiable tempers, whose examples and precepts, being uniformly employed on the side of virtue, will give the justest grounds to them to expect a suitable harvest of this invaluable blessing from their descendants.—What a field does this open of rational entertainment for the humane and benevolent mind!

"To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enliv'ning spirit, and to fix
The gen'rous purpose of the glowing breast."

What shall we say, too, of that tenderness of affection—of that entire confidence subsisting between the happily married.

'Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will.'

If it is true that our pleasures are chiefly of a comparative or a reflected kind—How supreme must be theirs, who continually reflect on each other, the portraitures of happiness—whose amusements—

"Though varied still—are still the same—in infinite progression."

How tranquil is the state of that bosom, which has, as it were, a door perpetually open to the reception of joy, or departure of pain, by uninterrupted confidence in, and sympathy with, the object of its affection! I know of no part of the single or bachelor's state, more irksome than the privation we feel by it, of any friendly breast in which to pour our delights, or from whence to extract an antidote for whatever may chance to give us pain. The mind of a good man, I believe to be rather communicative than torpid—if so, how often may a youth, of even the best principles, expose himself to very disagreeable sensations, from sentiments inadvertantly dropped, or a confidence improperly reposed!—What, but silence, can be recommended to them; since, in breaking it, so much danger is incurred, among those little interested in our welfare? A good heart, it is true, need not fear the exposition of its amiable contents:--But, alas! it is not always a security for us, that we mean well, when our expressions are liable to be misconstrued by such as appear to lie in wait only to pervert them to some ungenerous purpose?

The charms, then, of social life, and the sweets of domestic conversation, are no small incitements to the marriage state.—What more agreeable than the conversation of an intelligent, amiable, and interesting friend? But who more intelligent than a well-educated female? What more amiable than gentleness and sensibility itself? Or what friend more interesting than such a one as we have selected from the whole world, to be our steady companion, in every vicissitude of seasons and of life?

"Give me some companion," says Sterne, "in my journey, be it only to remark to, how our shadows lengthen as the sun goes down; to whom I may say, how fresh is the face of nature! How sweet the flowers of the field! How delicious are these fruits!

If either of these parties be versed in music, what a tide of innocent delight must it prove—to sooth in adversity—to humanize in prosperity—to compose in noise—and to command serenity in every situation.—If books have any charms for them (and must they not be tasteless, if they have not—if the immortal vestiges of poets, of historians, of moralists, and divines, the glory of the human race, have no delights for them) well might the poet of nature place them in company like this:

"An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease, and alternate labor, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and *approving Heav'n.*"

What a transition is it from what a Shakespeare wrote, to what a Handel played! How charming a relaxation from the necessary avocations of business!——"Of business do you say?"—Yes; for I number this too, among the pleasures of the happily married.—Let the lady find agreeable employment at home, in the domestic economy of her household—but let the gentleman be pursuing, by unremitted and honest industry, new comforts for her—for his children—and for himself;—let, too, the commonwealth have a place in his thoughts; it surely will, in his occupations, if they be of any meritorious kind—for these will all ornament his country, whose glory, whose prosperity and fame, he should ever consider as essential to his own; remembering, that on these it depends; and that this is the smallest tribute he can pay, for the comforts he enjoys, from its soil, its protection, and its laws.

Is there not some pleasure too, in reflecting, that the blessings of the marriage state, are more secure and permanent than most others, which fall within the compass of human life?—it is the haven of a sea of gallantries, of turbulence, and fears. Other friendships are seen to fade, to languish, and to die, by removal of abode, by variance of interest, by injuries, or even by mistakes. But this is co-equal with life; the present existence has been called a state of trial, and

of preparation for a better: Marriage is the perfection of it, here our education is completed; all the sympathies and affections of the citizen, the parent, and the friend, have their fullest spheres assigned them; and, doubtless, that pair, who in this engagement, are truly happy and irreproachable, must have so qualified themselves, by a thousand instances of mutual affection and forbearance, for an improved state of manners and society; that they may be pronounced to have reached the pinnacle of human felicity, from whence to heaven, the transition will be neither difficult nor strange—for that is the *home* to which the best improvements of social life are only framed to conduct us.

——"Evening comes at last, serene and mild
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells,
With many a proof of recollected love;
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign."

BIOGRAPHY.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

[The following sketches of the life of ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, author of the 'Farmer's Boy,' which are extracted from the preface to that work, were written by *Capell Lofft*, Esq. who had the honor of first introducing that delightful Poem, and its amiable author, to the notice of the public. Since the publication of the 'Farmer's Boy,' which fully established his reputation as a man of genius and taste, he has published a volume, entitled 'Rural Tales,' replete with that tenderness and simplicity, which are characteristic of rural manners.

A cotemporary bard has paid him a high and very deserved compliment, in the following neat couplet:

"BLOOMFIELD, thy happy omen'd name,
"Is earnest of thy future fame;
"Sense, genius, taste, this sentence give,
"While FIELDS shall BLOOM, thy verse shall live." *Cabinet.*]

HAVING the satisfaction of introducing to the public, this very pleasing and characteristic poem, the "Farmer's Boy," I think it will be agreeable to preface it with a short account of the manner in which it came into my hands: and which will be much more interesting to every reader, a little History of the Author, which has been communicated to me by his brother, and which I shall very nearly transcribe as at lies before me.

[After giving some account of the above mentioned Poem, Mr. Lofft proceeds:]

But I now pass to the account of the author himself, as given me by his brother—a man to whom also I was entirely a stranger—but whose candor, good sense, and brotherly affection appear in this narrative; and of the justness of whose understanding, and the goodness of his heart, I have had many proofs, in consequence of a correspondence with him on different occasions, which have since arisen, when this had made me acquainted with him, and interested me in his behalf.

In writing to me, Mr. George Bloomfield, who is a shoemaker also, as his brother, and lives at Bury, thus expresses himself:

"As I spent five years with the author, from the time he was thirteen years and a half old until he was turned of eighteen, the most interesting time of life, I mean the time that instruction is acquired, if acqired at all) I think I am able to give a better account of him than any one can, or than he can of himself; for his modesty would not let him speak of his temper, disposition, or morals.

"ROBERT was the younger child of GEORGE BLOOMFIELD, a *tailor* at Honington. His father died when he was an infant under a year old. His mother was a schoolmistress, and instructed her own children with the others. He thus learned to read as soon as he learned to speak.

"Though the mother was left a widow with six small children, yet with the help of friends, she managed to give each of them a little schooling.

"Robert was accordingly sent to Mr. Rodwell, of Ixworth, to be improved in writing: but he did not go to that school more than two or three months, nor was ever sent to any other: his mother again marrying when Robert was about seven years old.

"By her second husband, John Glover, she had another family.

"When Robert was not above 11 years old, the late Mr. W. Austin, of Sapiston, took him. And though it is customary for farmers to pay such boys only 1s. 6d. per week, yet he generously took him into the house. This relieved his mother of any other expense than only of finding him a few things to wear: and this was more than she well knew how to do.

"She wrote, therefore," Mr. G. Bloomfield continues, "to me and my brother Nat, (then in London), to assist her; mentioning that he, Robert, was so small of his age that Mr. Austin said he was not likely to be able to get his living by hard labor."

Mr. G. Bloomfield on this informed his mother, that if she would let him take the boy with him, he would take him, and teach him to make shoes: and Nat promised to clothe him. The mother, upon this offer, took coach and came to London, to Mr. G. Bloomfield, with the boy; for she said she should never have been happy if she had not put him herself into his hands.

"She charged me," he adds, "as I valued a mother's blessing, to watch over him, to set good examples for him, and never to forget that he had lost his father." I religiously confine myself to Mr. G. Bloomfield's own words; and think I should wrong all the parties concerned, if, in mentioning this pathetic and successful admonition, I were to use any other.

Mr. G. Bloomfield then lived at Mr. Simm's, No. 7, Fisher's Court, Bell-alley, Coleman-street. "It is customary," he continues, "in such houses as are let to poor people in London, to have light garrets fit for mechanics to work in. In the garret, where we had two turnup beds, and five of us worked, I received little Robert.

"As we were all single men, lodgers at a shilling per week each, our beds were coarse and all things far from being clean and snug, like what Robert had left at Sapiston. Robert was our man to fetch all things to hand. At noon he fetched our dinners from the cook's shop; and any one of our fellow workmen that wanted to have any thing fetched in, would send him, and assist in his work and teach him for a recompence for his trouble.

"Every day when the boy from the public-house came for the pewter pots, and to hear what porter was wanted he always brought the yesterday's newspaper. The reading of the paper we had been used to take by turns; but after Robert came, he mostly read for us,—because his time was of least value.

"He frequently met with words that he was unacquainted with: of this he often complained. I one day happened at a bookstall to see a small dictionary, which had been very ill used. I bought it for 4d.—By the help of this he in a little time could read and comprehend the long and beautiful speeches of Burke, Fox, or North.

"One Sunday, after a whole day's stroll in the country, we by accident went into a dissenting meeting-house, in the Old Jewry, where a gentleman was lecturing. This man filled little Robert with astonishment. The house was amazingly crowded with the most genteel people; and though we were forced to stand still in the aisle, and were much pressed, yet Robert always quickened his steps to get into the town on a Sunday evening soon enough to attend this lecture.

"The preacher lived somewhere at the west end of the town—his name was Fawcet. His language, (says Mr. G. Bloomfield,) was just such as the Rambler was written in; his action like a person acting a tragedy; his discourse rational, and free from the cant of methodism.

"Of him Robert learned to accent what he called hard words; and otherwise improved himself; and gained the most enlarged notions of providence.

"He went sometimes with me to a debating society* at Coachmaker's-hall, but not often; and a few times to Covent-Garden theatre. These are all the opportunities he ever had to learn from public speakers. As

to books, he had to wade through two or three folios; an History of England, British Traveller, and a Geography. But he always read them as a task, or to oblige us who bought them. And as they came in six-penny numbers weekly, he had about as many hours to read as other boys spend in play. [*To be continued.*]

"It is another of the constitutional refinements of these times to have fettered, and as to every valuable purpose silenced, these debating societies.—They were at least, to say the lowest of them, far better amusements than drunkenness, gambling, or fighting. They were no useless schools to some of our very celebrated speakers at the bar and in parliament; and, what is of infinite more importance, they contributed to the diffusion of political knowledge and public sentiment.

AMUSING.

A GOOD GERMAN STORY.

THE son of an old Farmer, by some chance or other, had travelled through several remote countries, and as it is not uncommon in such cases, returned home much richer in lies than in knowledge. A few days after his arrival, he accompanied his father (a sensible, shrewd old fellow) to a market at some distance from the village. It happened that a mastiff dog passed that way which as soon as the young man beheld, "Bless me, father," cried he, "this dog puts me in mind of one I saw in my travels, at least as large as the largest of our cart-horses." "What you tell me," replies the father, gravely, "astonishes me; but don't imagine that in this country we are wholly without prodigies; by and by we shall come to a bridge, which we shall be obliged to pass, and which is much more extraordinary than the dog of which you have been talking. They say it is the work of some witch. All I know of it is this, that there lies a stone in the middle of it, against which one is sure to stumble as one passes on, and break at least a leg, if it so happen that one had lied in the course of the day." The youth was a little startled at this strange account. "At what a rate you are walking, father! but to return to th s dog—how large did I say? As your largest horse? Nay, for that matter, I believe it might be saying a little too much; for I recollect it was but six months old; but I would be upon oath that it was as big as a heifer."—Here the story rested until they were a mile or two advanced on their way. The young man was very far from being comfortable. The fatal bridge appears at a distance—"Hear me, my dear father; indeed the dog of which we have been speaking, was very large, but perhaps not quite so large as a heifer; I am sure, however, it was larger than a calf."——At length they arrived at the foot of the bridge. The son stops short——"Ah, father!" says he, "you cannot be such a simpleton as to believe I have seen a dog of such a size, for since I needs must speak the truth, the dog I met in my travels was about as big as the dog we saw."

ISMS.

THERE are more *Isms* in this world, reader, than federal-*ism* and republican-*ism*. 'Aye,' you will cry, there is blackguard-*ism*.' But this is not all.—There is one still of much importance, and that is IDLE-*ism*. It is a dangerous disorder: it is worse to a man or to a woman, than seven devils. If thou hast a son or a daughter troubled with Idle-*ism*, twitch it out of them in time, whilst they are young, or it will bring them to poverty or the gallows. You may easily know the disease by its symptoms.—It is generally preceded by yawning, stretching and gaping. Rolling is the surest symptom among young girls; and nothing will drive it away sooner than an application of a birch twig.—But there is a kind of *active* Idle-*ism*.—Such affects your tippling youths and tattling misses. If you see a young man in a tavern, when he ought to be at work, he is affected with Idle-*ism*. If you see a young student sauntering through the street, or hear him whistling a tune at the door of a tavern, he is in a dangerous way; Idle-*ism* has got hold of him. If you see a young miss telling tales about her nighbors, depend upon it she is touched with the aforesaid sickness. If she is gaping out at a window, or ogling the young men from the door, while her needle is neglected, she is far gone with Idle-*ism*. It is a dreadful disease—a good deal like the consumption. Correction, by the *whip* or by the *tongue* of a parent, is the only salutary nostrum. *Prevention* however, in this case, *is better than cure*. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

THE following circumstance is so extraordinary, that notwithstanding it took place some time since, we think it merits a place here; especially as we can vouch for the truth of it.

A Mr. Thompson, (familiarly called Johnny Thompson) of Shethorne, was, in the paroxysm of a violent fever, attended by two nurses; but though raving in delirium, he, about two o'clock one morning, conceived the idea of escaping from his attendants; and observing them dose a little, he stole softly from his bed, let himself out of the house without disturbing any one, ran somewhat more than a hundred yards, when he raised the cover of a well full twenty-five yards deep, and plunged himself to the bottom. The water was so high as to require him to elevate himself a little on tip-toe to prevent its entering into his mouth, and in that situation he remained for three hours, although soon missed, and the neighborhood searched in vain. About five o'clock, the farmer's servants coming to the well to draw water, had lowered the bucket, but a few feet, when Johnny cried out—"*So, thou meanest to dash my brains out with the bucket, I do see.*" Sure enough, down ran the bucket, and the man ran away trembling to his master, and solemnly declaring that the devil was in the well, while Johnny received the bucket on his left arm, which was severely bruised by it. The master dressed himself immediately, and ran to the spot, calling out, "*Who is in the well?*"—"*Why, it is I,*" said the poor patient. "*I! Lord have mercy upon us! It is the devil sure enough, Thomas, I do think—speak in the name of the Father, be you Satan or a ghost?*" said the farmer. "*No I be no Satan, nor no ghost: I be honest Johnny Thompson.*" But though he could answer so collectedly, they could not prevail on Johnny to get into the bucket—consequently were obliged to procure a ladder and drag him from the well. He was carried home, and very soon fell into a sound sleep, from which he awaked perfectly free from fever; recovered his strength very fast, and is now alive and well. *Lon. Pap.*

Lancaster, *July* 11, 1804.

MARRIED, on Thursday, the 28th ult. by the Rev. Francis A. Latta, Mr. *John Cassilly*, to Miss *Sophia Biddle*, all of this borough.

DIED, in this borough, on Thursday last, Mr. *Jacob Shaeffer*, merchant, in the 58th year of his age. He was esteemed a good neighbor, and an honest man.

IMPROMPTU,

On seeing a sensible Young Gentleman intoxicated.

THE youthful Serenus late seemed to the eye,
Like a beautiful garden with arbors and bowers,
The soil it was rich, and the culture was high;
How faded the blossoms, the buds and the flowers!

4 July. TEMPERANCE.

Melancholy.——On Sunday last, a child about seven years of age, son of a Widow Nugent, in this borough, was drowned in a pond of water, which had been formed, by the great rains of the Spring and Summer, in a place where stone had been quarried. He, and a younger brother, went into the pond to bathe; and, the water being of irregular depth (in some places, 12 or 14 feet) he proceeded but a few steps, until he sunk. The other child immediately alarmed the neighborhood: but, notwithstanding the exertions of the citizens, more than half an hour elapsed, before the unfortunate child could be found; the water being muddy. Medical aid was called; but, without effect.

The coroners inquest gave a verdict, *accidental death.* [*Intelligencer.*

☞ Those who did not inform us of their intention of discontinuing the HIVE, previous to the commencement of the second volume, will be regularly served with papers, as usual, and charged accordingly.

POETRY.

THE SOLILOQUIES OF A HIGHWAYMAN.

A FRAGMENT.

(.....AH! family forlorn!
The sport of fortune, famine, and mankind!
Compose thy grief, LOUISA; stop those tears:
Cry not so piteous—spare, O spare thy sire,
Nor quite distract thy mother—hapless babes!
What shall I do?—Whichever way I turn,
Scenes of incessant horror strike my eye:
Bare, barren walls, gloom formidably round,
And not a ray of hope is left to cheer.
Sorrowing and sick, the partner of my fate
Lies on her bed of straw;—beside her, sad,
My children dear cling to her breast and weep;
Or prest by hunger, hunt each nook for food,
And quite exhausted, climb these knees—in vain.
How ev'ry asking eye appeals at once!
Ah! looks too eloquent—too plainly mark'd:
Ye ask for bread—I have no bread to give.
The wants of nature, frugal as she is,
The little calls and comforts which support
From day to day the feeble life of man,
No more, alas! thy father can supply!
To me the hand of heaven-born charity
Hard, as the season, gripes—the neighborhood,
Busy'd, or pleas'd, o'erlook a stranger's woe:
Scarce knows the tenant of the adjoining house,
What thin partitions shield him from the room
Where poverty has fix'd her drear abode.
O fatal force of ill tim'd delicacy,
Which bade me still conceal the want extreme,
While yet the decent dress remain'd in store,
To visit my EUGENIUS like myself!
Now shame, confusion, memory, unite
To drive me from his door.—

* * * *

——Ah! cruel EUGENIUS!
Too barbarous man!—this from thee!
Have I not screen'd thee from a parent's wrath;
Shar'd in thy transports, in thy sorrows shar'd?
Were not our friendships in the cradle form'd?
Gain'd they not strength and firmness as they grew?
And dost *thou* shift with fortunes veering gale?
Dost *thou* survey me with a critic's eye?
And shun thy friend, because—(O blush to truth!
O stain to human sensibility!)
Because his tatter'd garments, to the wind
And ev'ry passenger, more deep betray
The extremity severe? Then fare thee well!
Quick let me seek my homely shed again:
Fly from the wretch who triumphs o'er my rags;
On my LOUISA's faithful bosom fall;
Hug to my heart my famish'd fondlings round;
Together suffer——and together die.—

* * * *

——What piles of wealth,
What loads of riches glitter through each street,
How thick the toys of fashion glut the eye!
The lap of luxury can hold no more:
Fortune so rapid rolls the partial shower,
That every passion sickens with excess,
And nauseates the banquet meant to charm.
—Yet what are all these golden scenes to me,
These splendid modish superfluities?
What are these bright temptations to the poor?
Sooner, alas! will pride new gild her coach,
Than bid the warming faggot blaze around
The hearth where chill necessity resides.—
—But must LOUISA then—our tender babes;
Must *they* untimely sink into the grave?
Must all be victims to a fate so sore?
The world will nothing give but barren frowns.
What then remains?—There stands the wretched hut
I dare not enter——Heaven befriend them all!
What then remains? The night steals on apace;
The sick moon labors through the mixing clouds—
—Yes, that were well—O dire necessity!
It must be so—Despair, do what thou will!

* * * *

——I faint with fear,
With terror and fatigue. This forest's gloom,
'Made gloomier by the deepening shades of night,'
Suits well the sad disorders of my soul.
The passing owl shrieks horribly her wail,
And conscience broods o'er her prophetic note;
Light springs the hare upon the wither'd leaf;
The rabbit frolics; and the guilty mind
Starts at the sound, as at a giant's tread!—
—Ah me!—I hear the horse along the road—
Forgive me, providence—forgive me, man;
I tremble through the heart. The chattering hoof
Re-echoes through the wood; the moon appears,
And lights me to my prey.—

* * * *

——Stop traveller!
Behold a being, born, like thee, to live,
And yet endow'd with fortitude to die.
Were his alone the pang of poverty:
But a dear wife, now starving far from hence,
Seven hapless hungry children by her side,
A frowning world, and an ungrateful friend,
Urge him to actions which his heart abhors.
Assist us!—save us!—pity my despair——
A fellow mortal sues to thee for bread,
Invites thy charity: invites thy heart.
Perhaps thou art a husband and a father?—
Think if thy babes, like mine dejected lay,
And held their little hands to thee for food,
What would thou have me do, wert thou like me,
Driven to distress like mine? O then befriend,
Make our sad case your own; I ask no more,
Nor will I force what bounty cannot spare.
Let me not take, assassin like, the boon,
Which, humbly bending at thy foot, I beg,
Ne'er 'till this night——
——God speed thee on thy way,
May plenty ever sit within thy house!
If thou hast children, angels guard their steps:
Health scatter roses round each little cheek,
And heaven at last reward thy soul with bliss!
He's gone and left his purse within my hand!
Thou much desir'd, thou often sought in vain.
Sought while the tears were swimming in my eye,
Sought, but not found; at length I hold thee fast.
Swift let me fly upon the wings of love,
And bear the blessing to my fainting babes;
Then gently take LOUISA in my arms,
And whisper to the mourner happier days.

* * * *

——Hark!—What noise was that?
'Twas the dull bittern looming o'er my head:
The raven follows her: the dusky air
Thickens each form upon the cheated sight.
Ah! something shot across the way methinks!
'Tis but the shadow of this stripling tree,
That throws its baby arms as blows the gale:
Each object terrifies guilt's anxious heart!
The robber trembles at——
——What have I said?
Robber!—Well may I start—O heaven!
What have I done?
——Shall then LOUISA live on *spoil?*
Shall my poor children eat the bread of *theft?*
And have I at the peaceful hour of night,
Like some malignant thing that prowls the wood,
Have I—a very *felon*—sought relief
By means like these? and yet the traveller
Gave what I ask'd, as if in charity.
Perhaps his heart compassionately kind,
Gave from an impulse it could not resist:
Perhaps 'twas fear—lest murder might ensue!
Alas! I bore no arms, no blood I sought;
How knew he that? Yet sure he might perceive
The harden'd villain spoke not in my air;
Trembling and cold my hand was join'd with his;
My knees shook hard; my feeble accents fail'd;
The father's—husband's tears bedew'd my face,
And virtue almost triumph'd o'er despair.
Yet strikes the thought severely on my heart;
The deed was foul?——soft, let me pause awhile—
Again the moon-beam breaks upon my eye;
——Guilt bears me to the ground; I faint; I fall
The means of food should still be *honest* means,
Else were it well to starve.)

MORAL AND USEFUL.

ON AFFECTATION OF THE VICES AND FOLLIES OF MEN OF EMINENCE.

IT has frequently happened, that men, distinguished by their genius, have, from an unsettled habit of life, from an affectation of singularity, or some uncommon warmth of constitution, neglected the rules of prudence, and plunged themselves into the miseries of vice and dissipation; they who are but slightly acquainted with the lives of the English writers, can recollect many instances of men of the brightest parts, whose lives, after an uninterrupted course of misery, have terminated under the pressure of want in the confinement of a jail. They have been admired, and at the same time starved.

TO PRESERVE FRESH MEAT.

A joint of meat or any provision suspended in a flannel bag will keep sweeter a considerable time longer than by any of the modes generally practised. The cooler and dryer the meat is when the flannel is put round it the better, and it will occur to any thinking mind that the flannel should be perfectly clean. A flannel bag with a bowl or plate in it is also the best mode of conveying butter from, or perhaps to market, and if the bowl or plate is made of wood the better---A stronger proof cannot be given of the truth of the above, than that ice wrapped up in flannel will keep a considerable time, whereas if exposed to the air or wrapped in linnen it will dissolve almost immediately.

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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